

## Wrong Side Out.

BY  
Mary E. Wilkins.

(Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
FLORA has always had a temper, or rather a will. If Flora ever gets set on anything, she seems to turn into a sort of human fortress, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't make much of an impression on her. It was through this very will that Flora came to marry Albert Eddy. I am Flora's aunt, and I know all about it. There isn't any harm in my telling. I have heard Flora tell it herself dozens of times.

It was quite late in her life before Flora was married, though she was real good looking, and considerably well-to-do. I don't know why the young men didn't seem to care much about her; perhaps one reason was she never

coming down the road. "Land, here he is now," Flora said. "I don't know if he is or not, but she colored, and sort of laughed, and then we both began to fly around to turn things right side out. Flora whopped the pictures, and I saw around the pictures, and I think was right side out except Flora's apron. She had clean forgotten that. When she came in with the minister, I saw right away that she had it on wrong side out. It was ruffled top, and that made it worse. I rose up when the minister came in. I thought I wouldn't be in the way, but I hated to leave and not tell her about that apron. I knew she would feel awfully about it after-ward. So I tried to catch her eye, and make a motion toward it, while the minister was asking after my health, and my secret, but I couldn't manage it. So I went out, but I hadn't more than got the door before it opened and Flora came flying out after me. "Good land," she whispered, "I forgot to turn my apron, and I had to tell him that I had a book wanted to send to Aunt Susan; you'd better take that book of Pansey's on the table in the sitting-room. I shan't be quite so bad. All the time she was whispering that she was telling on her apron right side out."

"Oh, I guess he didn't mind it at all," said I.

THE JOKE.



seemed to care much about them; perhaps another was, that she always acted kind of settled down and satisfied. Flora's eyes were never wandering around in search of husbands, and she used to sit as straight as a gun in meeting, and never turn her head. But then she didn't have to see the minister. He was the one she married. However, she used to look at him just to hear the sermon, and she never hid behind after meeting to see him, nor had any questions of conscience that she needed spiritual advice for, like a good many women in the village. She just kept right on in her own way. When he came to call on her, she turned the mats and the tidies and the pictures, and her apron, just as she did for other callers that he wasn't real intimate with, but that was all. She'd sit and talk with him as calm as a clock.

She had a new carpet in her parlor, and she put that down wrong side out to begin with, because it had a blue color on the right side and she was afraid it would fade, and all her mats were turned, with the sewed ridges of the heading showing, and the pictures all back to, and the tidies, and the tablecloth, and Flora's apron. She was very thrifty and a splendid housekeeper. Some said she was the best housekeeper in the village. She couldn't bear a speck of dust or anything out of place; the dishes in her buttery used to look as if they were fairly grown to the shelves. She used to keep even the dishes wrong side out, or rather bottom side up, the plates all placed on their faces, and the covers of the vegetable dishes and the covers of sugar bowl and tea-pot set in the wrong way.

When Flora had a particular caller, like Mrs. Albert, or the minister, she used to fly around and straighten things. She could see a long way down the road, and she knew just how to do it. She had to work quick. I've been in there when she asked somebody coming, and helped her. The way we would whop over those mats, and the table cloth and the tidies, and the way we'd clap our hands, and the way George Washington would loom up, and Daniel Webster, and a little vase with flowers in front of the door, and when she went to school, and Flora's mother's portrait, was a caution. Sometimes she used to think she was dreadful silly to make herself so much trouble. I used to tell her that they were fairly grown to the shelves. I believe you'd think that was reason enough to go right on, and make it all right and respectable. I don't see any sense in my looking at that way. A person with such a will as Flora rarely ever knows it. No, she knows it makes the will last, I guess.

Well, she kept right on living wrong side out, and it seemed to get worse and worse. I remember once I asked her why she didn't walk to her door so as to save her shoes, and she felt real sorry about it. I told her she was wearing her stockings one side out one day and the other the next, because she thought they would wear better, and that made me think of it.

Finally people began to whisper that the minister, Mr. Albert Eddy, was calling pretty often on Flora, and I don't think about it. She was wearing and didn't care as if she minded, and that very afternoon when he was sitting there in the parlor, I saw him

the door came facing. I saw the minister looking at it with the strangest look I ever saw on a man's face. He looked as if he wanted to burst right out laughing, and yet he acted sort of admiring. I didn't know what to think of him or her. There were all the pictures with their board sides out, and the tablecloth showing the long stitches—it was one that Flora worked herself—and all the tidies wrong. Flora talked along just as easy as if everything was all right.

It seemed to me that I never saw Flora look so handsome as she looked that day. She was looking at the minister, and her face was like a flower.

Of course, he couldn't do any less than say he would, and we all rose up to go. I knew if Flora was going to show him the house she would want me to stay. Well, Flora took him into the kitchen, and there was everything wrong side out and bottom side up, down to the broom. Flora called attention to that. "I always take pains to set my broom right handle end down," said she. "Otherwise it wears out dreadfully."

She took him into the buttery, and the door came facing. I saw the minister looking at it with the strangest look I ever saw on a man's face. He looked as if he wanted to burst right out laughing, and yet he acted sort of admiring. I didn't know what to think of him or her. There were all the pictures with their board sides out, and the tablecloth showing the long stitches—it was one that Flora worked herself—and all the tidies wrong. Flora talked along just as easy as if everything was all right.

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## OLDEST OF BOXERS IS AN ACTIVE YOUNGSTER AT 84.

After Giving Lessons in Boxing for Half a Century, Benjamin Van Slyke Is Still at It with All the Enthusiasm of Youth.



BENJAMIN VAN SLYKE.  
Oldest Boxer in the United States.

The fire in the Bijou Theatre building on Tuesday evening unceremoniously ended the career of a man who had spent half a century in boxing. Benjamin Van Slyke was giving to his hundredth thousand and something pupil in this city. And it also gave the dean of boxing a chance to display the most remarkable agility that is believed to be possessed by any person his age in getting out of his gymnasium in the blazing building.

It is doubtful if any person has ever attained the remarkable vitality of old Van Slyke. Erect as the proverbial Indian, hearty of voice and appetite, clear of eye and as lively as a schoolboy, the boxing master to-day carries his eighty-four years as lightly as a man of thirty.

There are only traces of gray in his hair and his mustache is yet as black as that of a typical police captain. And he says that proper living and proper exercise account for his wonderful condition. Proper living, he asserts, is plenty of sleep and plenty of good food, eating what you want when you feel like it, and being regular in your habits.

Born here in the early part of last century, he has seen both boxing and the city develop. And as New York wended its way uptown, so has the old man. In the days he opened his boxing school at the Battery, his present location in the Bijou Theatre was but a wilderness. With prize fighters long since famous and forgotten and with men well known of every profession the remarkable veteran has sparred, and he tells here in his quaint way his own story.

BY BENJAMIN VAN SLYKE.

When I went to school fifty years before the Mexican war, boxing was about the only exercise we boys had. It wasn't boxing; it was fighting. They did not have mattress-like gloves in those days. There knives were what we used, and we didn't put. We punched, and we were taught to put the whole body behind every move of the arm. It was give and take, and that is the only way to exercise with benefit.

There were no boxing masters then. You learned how to handle your fists by facing each other in the woods and trying conclusions with the other fellows. Fighting was a big part of a lad's education, and every youth I ever knew got his share of training in that line. On Saturdays we used to start at day-break and go 'way out into the woods—that's where Fourteenth street is now. We started there and stayed there till dark. The hard raps I received in those days made me a man both physically and mentally. And because of this I decided to spend my life boxing.

I knew it would lengthen my life. So I did it. Early battles fitted me for my debut as an amateur boxer. I appeared in a circus in what is now Bleeker street, and in about two minutes I went down, not to get up again. But I persevered, and that's why I have been a Broadway boxing instructor for over half a century.

Motto Is Hard Work.  
You would think that to look at me, would you? That's because I am so well preserved. My motto is hard work. In my system I use my own style and make my pupils do the same. Every move a man makes while boxing on my methods causes him to bring into play the muscles of the stomach and upper abdomen. I believe that if a man's

was used against the retreating enemy." Right Hon. W. St. John Brodick, Secretary of State for War, wired the Government's congratulations upon Ben. Bruce Hamilton's brilliant achievement.

WILHELMINA AND HENRY.  
They Take a Drive Together at Appeldoorn.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The Amsterdam correspondent of the Daily Express says that Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry of the Netherlands, her husband, drove in an open carriage through Appeldoorn today. The correspondent adds that the royal pair will return to The Hague to-morrow.

Weariness Is Your Lot  
while you have that Cold or Cough, and there's worse to come if you neglect it. Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will help you get rid of it, and quickly, too. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

Benefit of the Exercise.  
This exercise strengthens every muscle in his body. When a man goes through this performance he is pretty good at anything. The exercise cleanses every pore in his body, and he is rapidly taking off ounces of superfluous flesh. This exercise three times a week, I think, cannot be equaled by anything on earth for its benefit to the body. It is a good exercise. Howing, horseback riding, which is said to develop the stomach muscles; and other exercises are not to be compared to boxing.

During my time I have made a specialty of instructing physical culturists and merchants. In fact, I have secured the best results from men whose work kept them indoors most of the day and afforded them but little time for exercise. I like nothing better than to get a

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Talks to The Evening World About His Pupils, Among Whom Were Billy Edwards and Well Known Doctors, Lawyers and Merchants.

man who is a dyspeptic for a pupil. I have proved that boxing will wipe out almost every ill that the stomach has to offer. It cannot do otherwise, because with one's stomach in good shape one's physical condition is bound to improve. I have cured men of dyspepsia in a rather short time, and of torpid liver also by making them come around regularly and put in some stiff work with the gloves. Then a good shower and a rubdown make them feel that life is worth living.

Pupils Ready to Fight.  
They are ready to fight when I get through with them. I brought up to you a man whose physician said he was in the early stages of consumption. He comes around yet and boxes me. I have a score of well-known professional men who have been completely cured of a century. You ought to see them to see what good physical condition means.

I don't even have a punching bag in my gymnasium. We punch each other with the knuckles and put the body into every swing. That's what brings results. That's why I'm so healthy and hearty at this age. Not a single one of my fangled physical-culture apparatus for me. The old-time fighters who stood up and punched until they dropped were real fighters, and we'll never see any more like them. They didn't have machines to get strong with. They used their bodies and dumb-bells and swinging clubs—a whole gymnasium in itself. Why I doubt that there is any youngster who can give and take so well and who is as strong and healthy as my six-year-old boy. He boxes with me.

Ills of Physicians.  
It is a curious thing that those of my pupils who at the start were in the worst shape are physicians. One says to me, "I have cured plenty of other people, and now I want you to make me healthy," and I do. It is impossible to overestimate the value of boxing.

It is but at one lesson that I take eight pounds off a much too fleshy man who sits boxes regularly with me. But how I do work him! Another says, "I was a sickly chap gained eighteen pounds before I told him I though he was in good shape." Years ago I had a whole school of youths at Broadway and Twentieth streets who took up most of my time. None of them died young. I have boxed with most every society athlete for decades. A list of my patients would somewhat resemble a Social Register. I have cured a great many of them to be in good shape to stand the strain. And if he wants to keep it up he must box a day with me. It is a real exercise. The same way with women. Boxing would develop in every way and woman who now is a weakling. Men of today—in fact, no person to-day except a boxer—can stand the strain of their offices by day and in their clubs at night, and then wonder why they need a doctor so often. When my school was at Nassau and Broadway and 14th and 15th streets, street brokers were generally their bodies. They took time to exercise. They were clear of mind and clear of active brain. Results prove this.

My advice to a whole lot to achieve longevity is to box. Box all you can. Box regularly and take care of yourself. Don't go to exercise in anything but boxing. You'll live to be a hundred as I'm going to.

Amusements.  
GARDEN THEATRE, 215 St. & M. Ave. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "ANOTHER TRULY GREAT PRODUCTION." VIRGINIA HARNED, VINCENTS.

KNICKERBOCKER 4th Ave. & 23d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Ave. & 23d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 46th St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

NEW SAVOY THEATRE, 24th St. & B'way. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

CHARLES CRITERION THEATRE, 4th Ave. & 23d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

WALLACE'S, E. 42d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

ADAMS'S THEATRE, 215 St. & M. Ave. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

GARRICK THEATRE, 36th St. & Broadway. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, 4th Ave. & 23d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

VICTORIA THEATRE, E. 82d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

## SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

Many of Them Unnecessary. Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine Have Saved Many Women from the Surgeon's Knife.

Hospitals in our great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case? Because they have neglected themselves. Every one of these patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at the left or right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back. All these things are indications of an unhealthy condition of the ovaries or womb.

What a terrifying thought! These poor souls are lying there on those hospital beds awaiting a fearful operation.

Do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an examination and possible operation. Build up the female system, cure the derangements which have afflicted themselves by doctor's signals, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from the hospital. Read the letter here published, with the full consent of the writer, and see how she escaped the knife by a faithful reliance on Mrs. Pinkham's advice and treatment by her medicines.

If in doubt write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for free advice; her experience covers twenty years.



Here is Proof, Undeniable Proof, That Many Operations May Be Avoided.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham: As I am a great sufferer from female trouble I thought I would write to you to see if you thought there was any positive help for me. I am very sore through my bowels, especially over the womb, and on the left side low down I will be taken with a dull, sore pain, and in an hour will be so sore that I cannot move myself, and will have to be poulticed, and will be unable to walk for two or three weeks. I have a bad discharge at times. The doctor says I will have to go through an operation and have the left ovary removed. If you can help me let me hear from you soon."—Mrs. M. G. SHIVELY, Upton, Wis. (Nov. 12, 1900).

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham: When I wrote to you last fall in regard to my health, death would have been a welcome visitor to me, but I followed your advice and am now well. I had tried everything I could hear of, and went to every doctor for and near, spent a great deal of money and received no benefit. At the time I wrote you I was saving up money to go to Chicago to have an operation upon the womb and ovaries, which, the doctor said, unless I had I would die, but, thanks to your remedies, I avoided this. I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, two of your Blood Purifier and used four packages of Sanative, and am a well woman. I advise every woman suffering as I did to take Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies."—Mrs. M. G. SHIVELY, Upton, Wis. (March 20, 1901).

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are genuine, or were published before obtaining the written special permission of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Amusements.  
PROCTOR'S 23d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

5th Ave. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

58th St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

125th St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

See "THE CYCLE-WHEEL," Great BICYCLE NOVELTY SENSATION OF THE HOUR. PROCTOR'S 23D ST. SUNDAY, AT ALL HOUSES, CONCERTS, BIGGEST AND BEST VAUDEVILLE IN TOWN.

BIJOU 24th St. & B'way. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

PASTOR'S Continuous. 20 and 30 Cts. HARRY ELKES, BICYCLE CHAMPION. JOE FLYNN, REED BIRDS AND OTHERS.

MULTIPLE HITLER'S Lot at 42d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

Manhattan Theatre E. 82d St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

MRS. FISKE, THE UNWELCOME. MRS. HATCH. CASINO ANNA HELD. 14th St. & B'way. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

HERALD Square 38th St. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

GRAND LOVERS' LANE. Next Week—DAN D'ALY. PHILIPPS' DER CORNER GROCER. 8th St. & B'way. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

EDEN WORLD IN WAX! New Groups. CINE MATOGRAPHS. 14th St. & B'way. Mat. To-day & Wed., 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

REPUBLIC 14th St. & B'way. To-night, 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. "THE GIRL." MAUDE APAMS.

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